

K Friendship

Friendship, adieu thou dear deceitful good :
So much profess'd, so little understood
How often to thy sacred injur'd name,
A thousand bold pretenders make their claim?
Like flies attend the summer of our day,
And in the sunbeams of our fortune play.
But when life's evening wintry blasts comes on
Soon we behold the treach'rous insects gone,
And find ourselves at once deserted and undone.

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Hor Walpole 1786.